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Source: Getz Collection

Description: Complete photo copy of ~~published~~ Song book including copy of cover, introduction, and table of contents. Not numbered in collection, but appears to have been given to William Getz by Rohler

[Major General Jablonsky was Commander
from May 1963 to May 1965]

Rohlen #8

Sing with the 1st Armored Division
N.C., post WW II

Sing With the



1st Armored Division

Gentlemen of Old Ironsides:

Soldiers have always sung; our own history is enlivened by the tunes to which soldiers have gone to war. In the late Eighteenth Century the American colonists took a song of mockery applied to them by the British Regulars and by their deeds of valor they made glorious the words of "Yankee Doodle."

The tragic war between the States was the occasion of hundreds of songs: "Bonnie Blue Flag," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "Dixie," and "Sweet Lorena" are only a few of them.

During the First World War the American Expeditionary Force sang that they wouldn't be back until it was over "Over There." People at home wondered how they were going to keep them down on the farm after they'd seen "Paree." In World War II American troops in Africa borrowed "Lili Marlene" from the Germans, they blessed them all, "the long and the short and the tall," and Mr. Jones, Mr. Green, and Mr. Brown found what the Army wanted.

So I invite you to join with me in continuing this fine tradition by using this book to bring back memories, to encourage fellowship and create camaraderie.

H. J. Jablonsky
H. J. JABLONSKY
Maj. Gen., USA
Commanding

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STOUT HEARTED MEN

You, who have dreams
If you act, they will come true
Would you turn your dreams
To a fact it's up to you
If you have the soul and the spirit
Never fear you'll see it through
Hearts can inspire other hearts with their
fire
For the strong obey when a strong man
shows them the way

Give me some men
Who are stout hearted men
Who will fight for the right they adore
Start me with ten
Who are stout hearted men
And I'll soon give you ten thousand more
Oh, shoulder to shoulder
And bolder to bolder
They grow as they go to the fore
Then there's nothing in this world
Can halt or mar a plan
When stout hearted men
Can stick together man to man.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LAMENT

There's a long, long nail a-grinding
Into the sole of my shoe
And it digs a little deeper
Every mile or two
But there's one sweet day a-coming
A day I'm dreaming about
The day when I can sit me down
And pull that damned nail out.

(Sung to the tune of Long Long Trail
A-Windin')

GYPSY LOVE SONG

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart
Dream of the field and the grove
Slumber on my little gypsy sweetheart
Wild little woodland love

Can't you hear me, hear me in the
dreamland
Where your fancies rove?
Can you hear the song that tells you
All my heart's true love?

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh! We ain't got a barrel of money
Maybe we're ragged and funny
But we'll travel along
Singin' a song, side by side

Don't know what's comin' tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow
But we'll travel the road
Sharin' our load, side by side

Through all kinds of weather
What if the sky should fall
Just as long as we're together
It doesn't matter at all

When they've all had their quarrels
and parted
We'll be the same as we started
Just trav'ling along
Singin' a song, side by side.

PRETTY BABY

Ev'rybody loves a baby, that's why I'm
in love with you
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
And I'd like to be your sister, brother
dad, and mother too
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
Won't you come and let me rock you in
my cradle of love
And we'll cuddle all the time
Oh, I want a lovin' baby and it might as
well be you
Pretty baby of mine.

KISS ME AGAIN

Sweet summer breeze
Whispering trees
Stars shining softly above
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume
Sleepy birds dreaming of love
Safe in your arms, far from alarms
Daylight shall come, but in vain
Tenderly pressed close to your breast
Kiss me, kiss me again!

THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On Massa an' hand him his plate,
An' pass de bottle when he got dry
An' brush away de blue-tail fly.

Chorus

Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care,
Ol' Massa's gone away

One day he ride aroun' de farm,
De flies so num' rous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on de thigh,
De devil take de blue-tail fly.

Chorus

De pony run, he jump, he pitch,
De thre my Massa in de ditch;
De died an' de jury wondered why,
De verdict was de blue-tail fly.

Chorus

They lay him under a' simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see,
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
A victim of de blue-tail fly."

Chorus

GENTLEMEN RANKERS

To the legion of the lost ones to the
cohort of the damned
To my brethren in their sorrow over
seas
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bread
machinely crammed
And a trooper of the Empress if you please
Yes, a trooper of the forces who has run
his six horses
And faith he went the pace and went it
blind
And the world has more than kin while he
held the ready tin
But today the sergeants something less
than kind

We're poor little lambs who have lost our
way Baa, Baa, Baa
We're little black sheep who've gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa

Gentlemen Rankers out on a spree Damned
from here to eternity
And God ha' mercy on such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa

ALOHA DOES NOT MEAN GOODBYE

Way down in Honolulu just at the break of day
I hear a sailor say to his dusky maid as the
ship slowly sailed away
Don't say Aloha when I go, for I am coming
back you know
Don't say Aloha, please don't cry
Aloha does not mean goodbye.

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN

I'll take you home again Kathleen
Across the ocean wild and wide
Since first you were my bonny bride
The roses all have left your cheek
I've watched them fade away and die
Your voice is sad when 'ere you speak
And tears bedim your loving eyes

Chorus

Oh I'll take you back Kathleen
To where your heart will feel no pain
And when the fields are fresh and green
I'll take you home again

I know you love me Kathleen dear
Your heart was ever fond and true
I always feel when you are near
That life holds nothing dear, but you
The smiles that once you gave to me
I scarcely ever see them now
Tho many many times I see a darkening
shadow on your brow
shadow on your

Chorus

To that dear home beyond the sea
My Kathleen shall again return

And when thy old friends welcome thee
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn
Where laughs the little silver stream
Beside your mother's humble cot
And Brightest rays of sunshine gleam
There all your grief will be forgot

Chorus

OH MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cavern in a canyon excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter
Clementine

Chorus: Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry Clementine

Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes
were number nine

Herring Boxes without topses sandals were for
Clementine

Chorus

Drove her ducklings to the water blowing bubbles
soft and fine

Hit her foot against a splinter fell into the
foaming brine

Chorus

Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft
and fine

Alas for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my
Clementine

LILI MARLENE

Underneath the lantern
By the barrack gate
Darling, I remember
The way you used to wait;
'was there that you whispered tenderly,
That you lov'd me
You'd always be
My Lili of the lamplight
My own Lili Marlene.

Time would come for roll call
Time for us to part
Darling I'd caress you
And press you to my heart
And there 'neath that far off lantern light
I'd hold you tight
We'd kiss "Good-night"
My Lili of the lamp-light
My own Lili Marlene.

Orders came for sailing
Somewhere over there
All confined to barracks
Was more than I could bear;
I knew you were waiting in the street
I heard your feet
But could not meet
My Lili of the lamp-light
My own Lili Marlene
My own Lili Marlene

WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW

We'll build a bungalow big enough for two
Big enough for two my honey, big enough for
two
And when we're married, happy we will be
Under the bamboo tree, underneath the
bamboo tree
If you'll be m-i-n-e mine, I'll be t-h-i-n-e
thine
And I'll l-o-v-e love you all the t-i-m-e
time
You are the b-e-s-t best of all the r-e-s-t
rest
And I'll l-o-v-e love you all the t-i-m-e
time
Just like an l-a-r-k lark, up in the p-a-r-k
park
I will k-i-s-s kiss you in the d-a-r-k dark
It takes a k-i-s-s kiss to make an m-i-s-s
miss
And I'll l-o-v-e love you all the t-i-m-e
time.

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Gee but I'd give the world
To see that old gang of mine--
I can't forget that old quartet
That sang Sweet Adeline.
Goodbye forever, old fellows and gals
Goodbye forever old sweethearts and pals
Gee but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine.

WRECK OF THE OLD 97

He was given his orders in Monroe Virginia,
saying Pete you are way behind time
This is not 38 but it's old 97 and you'd
better be in Nashville on time.

It's a long rough road from Lynchburg to
Nashville and it lies on a three mile
grade

It was on this grade that he lost his
courage you shall see what a jump he
made.

Oh he turned and he said to his black greasy
fireman just shovel in a little more
coal

And when we come to that great high mountain
You can watch old 97 roll.

He was going down the grade making eighty
miles an hour when the whistle broke
into a scream

He was found in the wreck with his hands on
the throttle all scalded to death by
the steam

Now ladies I beg of you all take warning
from this time now and on
Never speak harsh words to your true love-
ing husband He may leave and never
return.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For Pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties

Above the fruit-ed plain. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca!

God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth-er-hood from sea to shin-ing sea.

O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern im-pas-sioned stress, A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thy ev-ry flaw, Confirm thy soul in self control Thy Lib-er-ty in law.

O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-ating strife, Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life. A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness And ev-ry gain di-vine.

O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years, Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam un-dimmed by hu-man tears. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Oh once I was happy but now I'm forlorn
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn

Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn
betrayed by a maid in her teens.

Oh this girl that I loved she was handsome
and I tried all I knew to please

But I never could please her one quarter so
well as the man on the flying trapeze

O-----h he floats thru the air with the
greatest of ease, the daring young
man on the flying trapeze.

His actions are graceful all the girls he
does please and my love he purloin-ed
away.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

Oh the girl of my dreams is the sweetest
girl Of all the girls I know.

Each sweet caress, like an angel's breath
Fades in the afterglow.

And the blue of her eyes and the gold of her
hair Like the dawn in the Western sky,

And the moonlight beams on the girl of my
dreams, She's the sweetheart of Sigma
Chi.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God Bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her, and guide her
Through the night with a light from above
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam
God Bless America, my home sweet home
God Bless America, my home sweet home.

ON BRAVE OLD ARMY TEAM

The Army team's the pride and dream of every
heart in gray, The Army line you'll ever find
a terror in the fray; And when the team is
fighting for the Black and Gray and Gold
We're always near with song and cheer and
this is the tale we're told. The Army Team!
Rah! Rah! Boom! On Brave Old Army Team!
On to the fray; Fight on to Victory,
For that's the fearless Army way.

ANCHORS AWAY

Anchors Aweigh my boys, Anchors Aweigh
Farewell to college joys, we sail at break
of day-day-day-day! Through our last night
on shore, Drink to the foam, Until we meet
once more, Here's wishing you a happy voyage
home.

CHAMPAGNE AND WATER

You may talk about champagne and water,
But champagne and water don't rhyme.
We had a little drink down in red wing,
You get two big scoops for a dime.
For it's beer, beer, glorious beer,
Fill your glass right up to here.
Don't be afraid of it
There's much more made of it,
Glorious, glorious beer.
So we'll laugh and we'll sing,
And we'll fill all our glasses
Right up to the brim,
And we'll laugh ha! ha!
And we'll joke yak! yak!
We're jolly good company -
And we are!

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know
Goodbye piccadilly, farewell Leicester
Square,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

MISSOURI WALTZ

Hush-a-bye, my baby, slumber-time
is coming soon
Rest your head upon my breast while
mother hums a tune
The sandman is calling where shadows
are falling
While the soft breezes sigh, as in
days long gone by
Way down in Missouri, where I heard
this melody
When I was a baby sitting on my
mother's knee
The voices were humming, the banjoes
were strumming so sweet and low.

DINAH

Dinah, is there anyone finer in the state of
Carolina. If there is and you know'er, show'er
to me. Dinah, with her Dixie eyes blaz'in, How
I love to sit and gaze into the eyes of Dinah
Lee! Ev'ry night why do I shake with fright,
because my Dinah might change her mind about me.
Dinah, if she wandered to China, I would hop an
ocean liner, Just to be with Dinah Lee.

THE BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

The ballroom was filled with fashioned fold, it
shone with a thousand lights
And there was a woman who passed along, the fair-
est of all the sights
A girl told another then softly sighed, there's
riches at her command,
But she's married for wealth, not for love she
cried
Tho she lives in a mansion grand (oh so grand)

Chorus:

She's only a bird in a gilded cage, a
beautiful sight to see
You may think she is happy and free from
care, she's not - tho she seems to be
'Tis sad when you think of her wasted life,
for youth cannot mate with age
But her beauty was sold for an old man's gold
She's a bird in a gilded cage

She stood there alone her spirits low, but holding
her proud head high
While lovers were dancing by, oh so gay, she said
with a plaintive sigh
Alas, cruel fate, is there no escape from the one
sad mistake I've made
They will never forget, tho she's paid her debt,
she had paid and paid

A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There's a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits her down, sits her
down,
And drinks her wine as merry as can be
And never, never thinks of me.

Fare-thee-well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
But remember that the best of friends must part,
must part,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, yes, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

She left me for a stranger dark, stranger dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to
spark,

And now my love once ever true to me
Takes that dark stranger on her knee.

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and
deep,

Lay tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast just carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died for love.

BIRMINGHAM JAIL

Down on the levee, levee so low, late in the
evening

Hear the train blow

Hear the train blow love

Hear the train blow

Late in the evening hear the train blow

Down in the valley, down on my knees

Praying to Heaven, give my heart ease

Give my heart ease, love give my heart ease

Praying to Heaven give my heart ease

Write me a letter, send it by mail

Send it in care of Birmingham Jail

Birmingham Jail love, Birmingham Jail

Send it in care of Birmingham Jail

If you don't love me, give my heart ease

Turn your heart from me, love whom you please

Love whom you please dear, love whom you please

Turn your heart from me, love whom you please

HONEY BLESS YOUR HEART

Honey, honey bless your heart

My honey that I love so well

I'll be true sweetheart to you

My honey that I love so well

RAG TIME COWBOY JOE

Oh, hear him sing raggy music to the cattle
As he swings back and forward in his saddle
On a horse, a pretty good horse, with a syncopated
gait,
And there's such a funny meter
To the roar of his repeater,
How they run when they see that fellow's gun.
Cause the Western folks all know
He's a high-fallutin', shootin', scootin' son-of-a
gun from Arizona
Rag-time cowboy Joe.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM

You had a dream, well I had one too
I know mines best, cause it was of you
Come, Sweetheart, tell me
Now is the time
You tell me your dream and I'll tell you mine.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream, where I first met you
With your eyes so blue, dressed in gingham too
It was there I knew, that you loved me too
You were sixteen, the village queen
Down by the old mill stream.

ALOUETTE

A-lou-et-te, gen-tille a-lou-et-te
A-lou-et-te, Je te plu-me-rai.
(1) solo: Je te plu-me-rai la tete
Chorus: Je te plu-me-rai la tete
solo: Et la tete,
Chorus: Et la tete,
solo: A-lou-ette,
Chorus: A-lou-ette,
All: Ah! A-lou-et-te
gen-tille a-lou-et-te,
A-lou-et-te, Je te plu-me-rai.
(2) solo: Je te plu-me-rai le cou
Chorus: Je te plu-me-rai le cou
solo: Et le cou,
Chorus: Et le cou,
solo: Et la tete,
Chorus: Et la tete,
solo: A-lou-ette,
Chorus: A-lou-ette,
All: Ah! A-lou-et-te,
gen-tille a-lou-et-te,
A-lou-et-te, Je te plu-me-rai.
(Repeat all previous verses in reverse order)
(3) Je te plumerai les ailes,
(4) Je te plumerai les pattes,
(5) Je te plumerai le dos,
(6) Je te plumerai la queue,

AMERICA

My count-ry tis of thee, Sweet land of
Lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grim's
pride! From Ev-ry moun-tain side let
freedom ring.

My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the
no-ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
rocks and rills, Thy woods and temp-led
hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills
Like--that a-bove.

Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from
all the trees, Sweet free-dom's song. Let
mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe
par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break,
the--Sound pro-long.

Our fa-ther's God, to Thee, Auth-or of
lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our
land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light;
Pro-tect us--by Thy might, Great-God, our
King.

BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA

Back home again in Indiana
And it seems that I can see
The dreamy candlelight
Still shining bright
In the sycamores for me
The new mown-hay in all its splendor
In those fields I used to roam
When I hear them sing a song about the Wabash
then I dream of my Indiana Home.

HEART OF MY HEART

Heart of my heart,
How I love that melody
Heart of my heart,
Brings back old memories
Of when we were kids
Down on the corner of the square
Say we were rough and ready guys,
But oh how we could harmonize
To heart of my heart
Say our friends were dearer then
To bad we had to part
Now I know a tear would glisten
If only I could listen
To that gang that sang
Heart of my heart

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O-----say can you see-----by the
dawn's ear-ly light What so proudly we
hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro'
the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-part's.
we watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing?
and the rock-et's red glare, the bomb burst-ing
in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag
was still there.

On the shore, dimly seen----thro' the
mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es. What is
that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing
steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows half conceals,
half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the
gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
glo-ry re-flect-ed now----shines in the stream

O-----thus be it ev-er when---free -- men shall
stand Be-tween their loved homes and the war's
des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace,
may the heav'n res-cued land Praise the Pow'r
that hath made and preserved us a na-tion! .

Then---con-quer we must, when our cause it is
just, And---this be our mot-to: "In---God is
our trust."

CHORUS

O-----say, does that-----Star Spang-led
Banner---yet---wave---O'er the land---
of the free and the home of the brave?

Tis The Star Spang-led Ban-ner, O
long may---it---wave---O'er the land---
of the free and the home of the brave!

And the Star Spang-led---Ban-ner, in
tri-umph shall---wave---O'er the land
of the free and the home of the brave!

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

The sons of the Prophet were brave men and
bold, And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the
Shah Was Abdul Abulbul Amir

If you wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or harass the foe from the rear
Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to
shout For Abdul Abulbul Amir

There were heroes a-plenty, and well known
to fame, In the troops that were led by the
Czar;
But the best known of all was a man by the
name of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,
And strum on the Spanish Guitar,
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite
team, Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold Russian he shouldered his
gun, And with his most truculent sneer,
Was looking for fun, when he happened to run
Upon Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Said Abdul, "Young man, has your life grown
so dull That you now wish to end your
career?"

Vile infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

"So take your last look at this cool shady nook
And send your regrets to the Czar;
By which I imply you are going to die,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar."

Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibout,
With a cry of "Allah Akbar."
And with murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They fought all that night 'neath the pale yellow
moon
The din it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
In fact as he shouted "Huzzah",
He felt himself strick by that wily Calmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan rode up, the disturbance to quell,
Expecting the victor to cheer;
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch too, in his uniform of blue,

Rode up in his new crested car,
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line,
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rising up where the Blue Danube
rolls,
An'graved there in characters clear
Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul,
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

A splash in the Black Sea, one dark moonless night,
Caused ripples to spread wide and far,
It was caused by a sack, fitting close to the back,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
'neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft, as she weeps,
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad;
She was a pearl, and the only girl
That daddy ever had.

A good, old fashioned girl, with heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you.
I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old Dad.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers Oh baby how
they could love
Swore to be true to each other just as true
as the stars above. He was her man but
he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner to get her-
self a bucket of beer
And she said to the fat bartender have you
seen my Johnny here?
Oh he's my man and he'd do me no wrong

Now I don't wanna tell you no stories and I
don't wanna tell you no lies,
But your Johnny was here about an hour ago
making love to Nellie Bly
If he's your man he's a'doin you wrong.

Frankie peeked in thru the window Oh golly
what did she spy
There sat Johnny on the sofa makin love to
Nellie Bly
He was her man but he done her wrong

Frankie she opened the transom pulled out her
old forty four
Rooty toot toot three times she did shoot
right thru that hardwood door,

He was her man but he done her wrong.

Roll out your highest wheeled carriage roll
out your rubber tired hack.
I'm takin my Johnny to the graveyard and I
aint a'gonna bring him back
He was my man but he done her wrong.

This story has no moral. This story has no
end. This story just goes to show you
that there aint no good in men.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

GIRL OF MY DREAMS

Girl of my dreams I love you,
Honest I do - you are so sweet.
If I could just hold your charms
Again in my arms
Then life would be complete
Since you've been gone dear,
Life don't seem the same
Please come back again.
For after all's said and done
There's only one
Girl of my dreams it's you.

O'LEARY WAS CLOSING THE BAR

T'was a cold winter's evening the guest were
all leaving
O'leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
"Get out you can't stay where you are."

She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer as
she thought of the cold night ahead
When a Gentleman dapper
Stepped out of the phone booth
And these are the words that he said

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of Airborne men
And how they come and go
Now age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and sisters boys
And let her sleep under the bar."

JOHN PEEL

Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay
Do ye ken John Peel at the break of day
Do ye ken John Peel when he's far, far-a-way
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Morry's to the place where
Louis swells
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled with their
glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts its spell
Yes the magic of their singing of the songs we
loved so well
Shall I wasting and Mavourne en and the rest
We shall serenade our Louis while life and voice
shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest

We're poor little lambs who have lost our way
Baa, Baa, Baa
We're little black sheep who have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree damned from
here to eternity
Lord have mercy on such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa

MOTHER MACHREE

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in her hair
And her brow that's so wrinkled and furrowed
with care
And I'll kiss the dear fingers so toil worn for me
Oh God Bless her and keep her, Mother Machree.

GERMAN BAND

Every day at our back door, people gather by
the score We have a concert each afternoon
played by the Dutch band all out of tune.
Some are thin and some are fat, each one
wears a soldier's hat
Ready they stand awaiting command from the
leader of the German band.

Chorus:

Schmidt, he makes a hit, his cornet solo goes
so high Schmaltz, may have his faults, his
trombone pokes in Hein's eye-eye-eye-eye
Jake, is such a fake, he plays the piccolo
with one hand---
But - Heinz shines like the 57 kinds, he's
the leader of the German band---

First they play "der wacht am rhine",
Then you hear "oh baby mine".
Then Heine toots on his piccolo,
Softly the strains of "hi le hi lo",
"Ach du lieber Augustine,"
And "the wearing of the green".
Then they will wind up each afternoon
With a good old yankee doodle tune,
Tune, Tune, Tune,

Repeat Chorus

A COLD STORMY NIGHT

Twas a cold stormy night not a star was in sight
And the north wind came howling down the line
Stood a brave Engineer with his sweetheart so dear
He had orders to pull old number nine

He kissed her goodbye with a tear in each eye
but the joy in his heart
He could not hide for the whole world seemed bright
when she told him
That night that tomorrow she'd be his blushing bride.

Oh the wheels hummed a song as the train rolled along
And the black smoke came pouring from the stack and the headlights
Broad gleams seemed to brighten his dream
of the morrow when he'd be going back
Then he sped 'round a hill and his brave heart stood still
For a headlight was shining in his face
And he whispered a prayer as he threw on the air
for he knew this would be his last race.

In the wreck he was found lying there on the ground
and he asked them to raise his weary head
as his breath slowly went say this message he sent to the maiden who thought she would be wed.

There's a little white home that I bought for our own
Where I dreamed we'd be happy bye and bye
But I leave it to you for I know you'll be true
till we meet at the Golden Gate
Goodbye.

GEORGE M. COHEN MEDLEY

I'm a yankee doodle dandy
Yankee doodle do or die
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
Born on the fourth of July
I've got a yankee doodle sweetheart
She's my yankee doodle joy
Oh yankee doodle went to London
Just to ride the ponies
I am that yankee doodle boy

It's a grand old flag it's a high flying flag
And forever in peace may it wave,
It's the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Every heart beats true under red, white and blue
And there's never a boast or brag
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.....

So give my regards to Broadway
Remember me to Herald Square
Tell all the Gang on 42nd Street
That I will soon be there
And tell them of how I'm yearning
To linger with my old time throng.
And give my regards to old Broadway
And tell them I'll be there ere long.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once I was a bar maid down in Drury Lane
My master was so kind to me, my mistress was
the same

Along came a sailor home from the seas
And that was the start of all my miseries.

Singing the Bell Bottom Trousers, coat of
Navy Blue
He'll climb the riggin' like his Daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed
He asked me for a pillow to lie beneath his head
And I unsuspectingly, and thinking it no harm
Crawled in bed to keep the sailor warm.

Singing the Bell Bottom Trousers, coat of
Navy Blue
He'll climb the riggin' like his Daddy used to do.

Early in the morning at the crack of dawn
I awoke to find the sailor gone
Pinned to the pillow was a five pound note
and a letter this is what he wrote

Oh if you have a daughter just bounce her on
your knee
But, if you have a son, send the ??? out to sea.

BLESS EM ALL

They say there's a troopship just leaving Bombay
Bound for old Blighty's shore
Heavily laden with time expired men
Bound for the land they adore

There's many an old trooper just finishing his
time
There's many a twerp singing on
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, bless them all
Bless them all, bless them all
The long and the short and the tall

Bless all the sergeants and W.O. ones
Bless all the corporals and their blooming sons
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to our billets we crawl
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, bless them all
Sail away, sail away, sail away
Sailing by night and by day

When she's in motion, she's queen of the ocean
You can't see the portholes for spray
So scuttle the rodney, scuttle the 'ood
The whole british navy is no bloody good

RED RIVER VALLEY

From the valley they say you are going
I will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened my path for awhile

Chorus:

So come sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley, and the
girl who has loved you so true

For a long, long time I've been waiting
For those dear words you never would say
And now my poor heart is breaking
For they tell me you are going away

Chorus:

When you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged 'mid the bowers

Chorus:

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

East side west side all around the town
The girls played ring a rosy London bridge
is falling down
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
We tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks
of New York.

WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE

Way down on the levee in old Alabamy,
There's Daddy and Mammy, There's Ephram and
Sammy On a blue sky nite you can find them
all While they are waitin' banjoes are syn-
copatin' What's that you're sayin', What's
you're sayin'? What's that they're singin'
ahummin' and palyin' Its the good ship
Robert E. Lee, that's come to carry the
cotton away.

Chorus: Oh watch them shufflin' along, See
them shufflin' along

So take your best gal - real pal - go
to the levee

I said to the levee and join that
shufflin' throng.

Here that music and song - It's just
a great day

Waitin' on the levee, waitin' for the
Robert E. Lee

The whistles are blowin', the smokestacks
are showin The ropemen are towin' Excuse
me I'm goin' To the place where all is
harmoinious and the preacher he is a dancing
teacher Have you been there, Oh I was around
there If you'll ever go there you'll always
be found there My heart - stops -,Yar comes
my baby On the good old Robert E. Lee

my baby On the good old Robert E. Lee

LETTER EDGED IN BLACK

I was sitting in my parlor yesterday morning
without a thought of worry or of care
When I saw the postman coming up the sidewalk
with such a happy face and jaunty air

He rang the bell and whistled as he waited
and then he said good morning to you Jack
But he never knew the sorrow that he brought
me
When he handed me that letter edged in black

With trembling hands I took the letter from
him I broke the seal and this is what it
said
Oh come home my boy your poor old father wants
you Oh come home my boy your dear old
mother is dead

The last words that your dear old mother spoke
son, were tell my darling boy to come
back

Oh my eyes are dim my poor old heart is break-
ing as I'm writing you this letter edged
in black

Those angry words I wish I'd never spoken
I didn't mean what I said to you Jack
May the angels bear me witness I am asking
your forgiveness in this letter edged
in black.

40

40

MAC NAMARA'S BAND

Oh me name is Mac Namara
I'm the leader of the band, altho but few in numbers
We're the finest in the land, and we play at wakes
and weddings
And at every fancy ball, but when we play at funerals
We play the best of all

Chorus:

Oh the drums go bang and the cymbals clang
And the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon, while I the pipes
do play - and there's Hennessey, finnessey, tootin'
the flute, and the music is somethin' grand
A credit to old Ireland is Mac Namara's band...
da da da etc.

A credit to old Ireland is Mac Namara's band

Righten now we are rehearsing
For a very grand affair, 'tis the annual celebration
All the gentry will be there. Now when General Grant
to Ireland came, he shook me by the hand, sez he,
I never heard the likes of Mac Namara's band.

Chorus:

Oh Me name is Oncle Yulius and from Sweden I do
To play in Mac Namara's band and beat the big bass
drum

And ven ay go marching down the street, the
ladies tink I'm grand
Dey say, "dere's Oncle Yulius playing vit an
Irish band"

Chorus

Chorus

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IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear those darkies singing
In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear those banjoes ringing
How the old folks would enjoy it.
They would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

IT'S A GRAND OLD NAME

For it was Mary - Mary
Sweet as any name can be
Tho' with propriety, society
May say Marie; But it was Mary - Mary
Long before the fashions came
And there is something there
That sounds so square
It's a grand old name.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

Oh I've been workin' on the railroad, all
the live-long day
I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass
the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowin', rise up so
early in the morn.
Don't you hear the captain shouting; Dinah, blow
your horn.

GREENBACK DOLLAR

I don't want your greenback dollar, I don't want your
watch and chain
All I want is your heart darling, won't you take me
back again?

I was born in West Virginia
Later moved to Tennessee
There I met a fair young maiden
And she fell in love with me
Oh her eyes were bright as diamonds
And her cheeks were rosy red
On her breast she wore a lily
Oh the tears that girl had shed

Father says we'll never marry, Mother says 'twill
never do
But if you love me my darling, I will run away
with you

CHORUS

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little rose .
She's my pretty lady, most everyone knows
And when we are married, Oh how happy we'll be
For I love sweet Rosy O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me

JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair
Born like a zephyr on the summer air
I see her tripping where the bright streams play
Happy are the daisies that dance on her way
Many are the wild notes her merry voice would pour
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er
Oh I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair
Floating like a zephyr on the soft summer air.

MOTHER

M is for the million things she gave me
O means only that she's growing old
T is for the tears she shed to save me
H is for her heart of purest gold
E is for her eyes with lovelight shining
R is for the right and right she'll always be
Put them all together they spell mother, a
word that means the world to me.

BEHIND THOSE SWINGING DOORS

Each Saturday night in an old mining town
Jake's Barroom was merry and gay
And far from the laughter, a mother did wait
For Pop to come home with his pay
What's keeping dear father, why doesn't he
come The daughter exclaimed thru her tears
The mother explained, "I'm sadly afraid
Your father has stopped for some beer."

Chorus: Oh.....oh, the doors swing in, the
doors swing out
Where some pass in and others pass out
"Your father I fear, has his nose in the
beer Behind those swinging doors (hic)
Behind those swinging doors."

"I'll go fetch him," the daughter did say
"He shan't bring disgrace to our name,"
And straightway she ran to the corner saloon
To save her poor father from shame
"Dear father, dear father, come home with me
now The clock in the steeple strikes two
(ding-dong) Dear mother is waiting, the rent
must be paid Don't spend all your money for
brew."

Oh.....oh, the doors swing in, the doors
swing out
Where some pass in, and other pass out
Thru the smoke and the haze, there stood
Pop in a daze

Behind those swinging doors (hic)
Behind those swinging doors

Each Saturday night in an old mining town
The miners come in with their gold
And dear father blows in his money for gin
And Nellie blows home in cold
"Dear mother, dear mother, my mission I've
failed My father father will ne'er mend his
ways" The mother exclaimed: "I'm sadly
afraid It's always the woman who pays."

Oh----oh, the doors swing in, the doors
swing out
Where some pass in, and others pass out
Behind those swinging doors (hic-burp)
Behind those swinging doors.

SMILES

There are smiles that make you happy
There are smiles that make you blue
There are smiles that chase away the tear-
drops as the sunbeams chase away the dew
There are smiles that have a broader meaning
that the eyes of love alone can see
But the smiles that fill my heart with sun-
shine are the smiles that you give to me.

THE STIFFEN LOOPS SONG

To the tables down at Jack's place, near the
shack where Hughie dwelt
To the dear pre-empted bar that Jules whupped
up
Come the stiffen loops assembled, with their
voices raised on high
And the magic of Martinis casts a spell
Yes, the magic of Martinis makes their voices
sound so well
Though we know without the gin they sound like
hell
Oh we'll serenade Priscilla with glass and
voices high
Then we'll pass and lie forgotten bye and bye

We are bad old wolves who have lost our way,
Woof, woof, woof
We are poor old wolves who are turning gray
Woof, woof, woof
Gentlemen jumpers out on a spree, Gin is why
we're so full of glee
We're not so bad till its time for tea
Woof, woof, woof

To the Spa Noboribetsu, to the place where
Fifi dwells To the dear hot sulphur baths
we love so well
Come the stiffen loops together with their
hearts and spirits gay
And the magic of our Fifi paves the way

'Tis the magic of Martinis, Gin, Vermouth and
lemon peel
Can expand a little cog into a wheel
Oh, we'll go and soak the carcass, boil it
out, then rub it dry
Then we'll sleep to rise with headache by and
by

We are poor little lambs who have wet our
wool Baa, baa, baa
We are little black sheep with our tummies
full Baa, baa, baa
Gentlemen jumpers off on a bout, Fifi has
turned it into a rout
We hope that the sulphur will boil it all
out Baa, baa, baa

To the club Mitsu Mitsui, to the place where
Joe Swing dwells
To the grand old drawing room where Bootsie
reigns
Come the troopers and their gal friends,
stiffen loops included too
There to munch on hors d'oeuvre shop talks
taboo
Then we'll raise aloft our voices with our
Georgie at the keys
After sipping three or four of these
Till the serenade is airborne on the wings
of revelry
Hoarse at last we settle down to shrimp and
tea

We are poor little lambs who have come to
call Baa, baa, baa
We are little black sheep who are dizzy
that's all Baa, baa, baa
Gentlemen jumpers singing along, Members
all of the trooper tong
"I Could Care Less" is our theme song
Baa, baa, baa

THREE LITTLE DARKIES

Three little darkies
Had a fight
Fit all day
And fit all night
In the morning
They were seen rolling

Down to bowling green
Two little darkies
One little darky
Rolling down to bowling green
A rollin' down - a rollin' down
a rollin' down to bowling green

THE ARMY GOES ROLLING ALONG

March along, sing our song, with the Army of the free. Count the brave, count the true who have fought to victory. We're the Army and proud of our name; We're the Army and proudly proclaim: First to fight for the right, and to build the Nation's might, and the Army Goes Rolling Along. Proud of all we have done, Fighting till the battle's won, And the Army Goes Rolling Along. Then it's Hi! Hi! Hey! The Army's on its way. Count off the Cadence loud and strong (two! three!) For wher-e'er we go, You will always know that the Army Goes Rolling Along.

March along, sing our song, with the Army of the free. Count the brave, count the true, who have fought to victory. We're the Army and proud of our name; We're the Army and proudly proclaim Valley Forge, Custer's ranks, San Juan Hill and Patton's tanks, And the Army went rolling along. Minute men from the start, Always fighting from the heart, And the Army keeps rolling along. Then it's Hi! Hi! Hey! The Army's on its way, Count off the Cadence loud and strong (Two! Three!) For wher-e'er we go, You will always know, that the Army Goes Rolling Along!

March a-long, sing our song - with the Ar-my of the free. - Count the brave - count the true - who have fought to vic-to-ry. - We're the Army and proud of our name; We're the Army and proudly proclaim;

Men in rags, men who froze, Still that Army met its foes, And the Army went rolling along. Faith in the then we're right, And we'll fight with all our might As the Army keeps rolling along. Then it's Hi! Hi! Hey! The Army's on its way; Count off the Cadence loud and strong (two! three!) For wher-e'er we go, You will always know that the Army Goes Rolling Along - That the Army Goes Rolling Along.

STEAL AWAY

My Lord calls me, He call me by the thunder
The trumpet sounds within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here

Steal away, steal away
Steal away to Jesus
Steal away, steal away home

Green trees are bending, poor sinners stand trembling
The trumpet sounds within my soul
I ain't got long to stay here.

CASEY JONES

Come all you rounders that want to hear
The story of a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On a big eight wheeler, boys he won his fame.

The caller called Casey at half-past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
He mounted to the cabin with the orders in his hand
And he took his fare-well trip to that promised land.

Chorus

Casey Jones mounted to his cabin
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand.
Casey Jones mounted to his cabin
And he took his fare-well trip to that promised land.

When he pulled up that Reno hill,
He whistled for the crossing with an awful shrill
The switchman knew by the engine's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

He looked at his water and his water was low,
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow.
He turned to his fireman and this is what he said:
Boy, we're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead.

Chorus

Casey Jones - going to reach Frisco,
Casey Jones - but we'll all be dead,
Casey Jones - going to reach Frisco,
We're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead.

So turn on your water and shovel in your coal,
Stick your head out the window, watch those
drivers roll;
I'll drive her till she leaves the rail,
For I'm eight hours late by that Western Mail.

When he was within six miles of the place,
There number four stared him straight in the face.
He turned to his fireman, said: "Jim, you'd
better jump,
For there's two locomotives that are going to bump.

Casey Jones - two locomotives,
Casey Jones - going to bump,
Casey Jones - Two locomotives,
There's two locomotives and they're going to bump. "

Casey said just before he died,
There're two more roads I would like to ride.
The fireman said: "Which ones can they be?"
Oh, the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe."

Mrs. Jones sat at her bed a-sighing
Just to hear the news that her Casey was dying.
"Hush up children, and quit your cryin'
For you've got another poppa on the Salt Lake Line."

Casey Jones - got another poppa,
Casey Jones - on the Salt Lake Line,
Casey Jones - got another poppa
For you've got another poppa on the Salt Lake Line

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

The stars at night, are big and bright
Deep in the heart of Texas,
The prairie sky is wide and high,
Deep in the heart of Texas,
The sage in bloom is like perfume
Deep in the heart of Texas,
Reminds me of the one I love,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

The coyotes wail, along the trail,
Deep in the heart of Texas
The rabbits rush around the brush,
Deep in the heart of Texas
The cowboys cry, Ki-yip-pee-yi!
Deep in the heart of Texas
The doggies bawl and bawl and bawl,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

SHORT'NIN' BREAD

Put on the skillet
Put on de led
Mammy's gwine to make
A lil' short'nin bread
Dat ain't all
She's gwine to do
Mammy's gwine to make
A little coffee too.

Chorus:

Mammy's little baby
Loves short'nin,
Short'nin -
Mammy's little baby
Loves short'nin bread.

Three little fellows
Lying in bed
Two was sick
And t'other most dead
Sent for the doctor
And the doctor said
Give dem babies
Short'nin bread

Chorus

Slipped in the kitchen
Slipped up de led
Slipped my pockets full
Of short'nin bread
Stole de skillet
Stole de led
Stole de gal
To make short'nin bread

Chorus

Caught wid de skillet
Caught wid de led
Caught wid de gal
Makin' short'nin bread
Paid six dollars for
De skillet
Six dollars for de led
Stayed six months in Jail eatin'
Short'nin bread

Chorus

Mammy's little baby
Loves short'nin
Short'nin
Mammy's little baby
Loves short'nin bread.

WHO PUT THE OVERALLS IN MRS MURPHY'S CHOWDER
(Chorus and first verse are the same)

Who put the overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder
Nobody spoke so he shouted all the louder
It's an Irish trick, that's true and I can lick
the Mick that threw
The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chowder.

Mrs. Murphy gave a party 'bout a week ago
Everything was plentiful,
For the Murphy's they're not slow. They treat-
ed us like gentlemen
We tried to act the same - only for what happen-
ed Heh - it was such an awful shame
Mrs Murphy dished the chowder out and fainted
on the spot
She found a pair of overalls in the bottom of
the pot
Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad, his eyes were
bulgin' out
He jumped up on the pi-ano and loudly he did
shout.

Chorus

They dragged the pants from out the soup and
laid them on the floor
Each man there swore upon his life, he's not
seen them before

They were plastered up with mortar and were
worn out at the knees
They'd had their many ups and downs as we
could plainly see
When Mrs Murpny she came to, she starts to
cry and pout
She'd had them in the wash that day, forgot
to take them out
Tim Nolan he excused himself for what he's
said that night
So we put music to the words and sung with
all our might.

Chorus

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

On a Sunday afternoon
In the merry month of June
Take a spin up the Hudson
Or down the bay
Take a bus out to Coney or Rockaway--
On a Sunday afternoon
You can see the lovers spoon--
Oh they work hard on Monday.
But one day that's fun day
Is Sunday afternoon

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a collababa tree
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy
boiled: You'll come a waltzing, Matilda with
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy
boiled: You'll come a waltzing, Matilda with me

Up came a junibuck to drink by the billabong
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stuffed that junibuck in his
tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda with me
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda with me
And he sang as he stuffed that junibuck in his
tucker bag.
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda with me

Up came the rancher mounted on his thoroughbred
Up came the troopers, one, two and three
Where's that jolly junibuck you've got in your
tucker bag?
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Where's that jolly junibuck you've got in your
tucker bag?

You'll come a waltzing, Matilda with me

Up jumped the swagman and jumped into the billabong

You'll never catch me alive said he

And his voice may be heard as you pass by that
billabong

You'll never catch me alive said he

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda

You'll come a waltzing Matilda, with me

And his voice may be heard as you pass by that
billabong

You'll never catch me alive said he.

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern

There they decided

There they decided

There they decided

To have another flagon.

Landlord fill that flowing bowl 'till it doth
run over,

Landlord fill that flowing bowl 'till it doth
run over,

For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober

Here's to the man who drinks light ale and
goes to bed quite sober

Here's to the man who drinks light ale and
goes to bed quite sober

He falls as the leaves do fall

Falls as the leaves do fall

Falls as the leaves do fall

And dies before October

Here's to the man who drinks stout ale and
goes to bed quite mellow

Here's to the man who drinks stout ale and
goes to bed quite mellow

He lives as he ought to live

Lives as he ought to live

Lives as he ought to live

And dies a jolly good fellow

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and
runs to tell her mother

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and
runs to tell her mother

She's a foolish, foolish thing

She's a foolish, foolish thing

She's a foolish, foolish thing

For she'll not get another

THE SAME OLD SHILLELAGH

Fifty years ago me father left ol Erin's shore
He landed here with Shillelagh in hand and
divil a penny more
He got a job, then got a wife, and raised a
family
And then he died and left his old Shillelagh
stick to me

Chorus:

Sure it's the same old Shillelagh me father
brought from Ireland
And divil a man was prouder than he as walked
with it in his hand
He's lead the band on Paddy's Day and twirl it
round his mitts
And divil a bit we'd laugh at it or Dad would
have a fit
Sure with the same old Shillelagh me father
could stick a dozen men
And as fast as they got up, Begorra he'd knock
them down again
And many's the time he used it on me to make
me understand
The same old Shillelagh me father brought from
Ireland
I'm goin' on the police force, it's the only
thing to do

Instead of havin' one night stick, Begorra I'll
have two
If there's a fight I'll be all right, sure no one
bothers me
Because I have the old Shillelagh me Father gave
to me.

Chorus

THE LAST LETTER

Oh why do you treat me as if I were only a friend
What have I done that has made you so distant & cold
I have been wondering if you'll be content in the end
Will you be happy when you are withered and old

I can not offer you diamonds and mansions so fine
I can not buy you clothes that your young body craves
But if you will only promise that you will be mine
Think of the heartaches the teardrops and sorrows
you'll save

While I am writing this letter all covered with tears
While I am thinking of things that I know can not be
You will be lonesome for many a long weary year
For I will be gone when you get this last letter
from me.

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

I've got sixpence,
Jolly, jolly sixpence,
I've got sixpence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend,
And tuppence to lend,
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife,
No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me,
As I go rolling, rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day
When the Army gets its pay
As we go rolling, rolling home

I've got fourpence,
Jolly, jolly fourpence,
I've got fourpence to last me all my life,
I've got tuppence to spend,
And tuppence to lend,
And no pence to send home to my wife, poor wife,
No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me,
As I go rolling, rolling home.

I've got tuppence,
Jolly, jolly tuppence,
I've got tuppence to last me all my life,
I've got tuppence to spend,
And no pence to lend,
And no pence to send home to my wife, poor
wife,
No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me,
As I go rolling, rolling home.

THE PERSIAN KITTEN

Oh the persian kitten, perfumed and fair,
Went out in the kitchen to get some air,
A tom-cat lean and lank and long,
Dirty and yellow came along.

As he sniffed around the persian cat,
While she walked with such eclat,
Hoping with her some time to pass,
He said: "Babe you sure got class."

Fitting and proper was her reply,
As she arched one whisker over her eye,
"Deribboned I sit on a cushion of silk
And daily I'm fed on certified milk.

I should be happy with all I've got,
I should be happy, but happy I'm not,
I should be happy, happy indeed,
Because I'm highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said the tomcat with a smile,
"And trust your new friend for a while,
You need not stray from your back yard fence
All you need is experience."

The tales of life he then unfurled,
As he told her stories of the outside world
Suggesting at last, with a lurid laugh,
A trip or two down the primrose path.

The morning after the night before,
The kitten came home about the hour of four.
The innocent look from her face had went,
And in its place was a smile of content.

In later months, the neighbors came
To see those kittens of pedigreed fame,
But they weren't persian - they were black
and tan,
And they said their daddy was a "travelin'
man,"
"Ratchin', scratchin', travelin' man."

WABASH CANNONBALL

From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide
Pacific shore
From the white and snowy mountains to the
southland by the shore
She's mighty long and handsome, she's known
well by all
She's the modern combination of the Wabash
Cannonball.

Chorus:

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodlands
Thru the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty roll of the engine
Hear those lonesome hoboos call
While riding thru the jungles
On the Wabash Cannonball

On the day
She came down to Birmingham one cold December
day
As she rode into the station you could hear
the people say
There's a gal from Tennessee, she's long and
she's tall
She came down to Birmingham on the Wabash
Cannonball.

Chorus:

Those eastern states are dandy so the people always
say
From New York to Saint Louis and Chicago on the way
From the Hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters
fall
No charges will be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

Here's to Pappy Claxton, may his name forever stand
And forever be remembered in the courts of Alabam'
When his earthly race is over and the curtains
'round him fall
We'll carry him off to Dixie on the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure 'tis like a morn in spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they steal your heart away.

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

I'll see you in my dreams
Hold you in my dreams
Someone took you out of my arms
Still I feel the thrill of your charms

Lips that once were mine
Tender eyes that shine
They will light my way tonight
I'll see you in my dreams.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal
The birds are singing
For me and my gal
Ev'rybody's been knowing
To a wedding they're going
And for weeks they've been sewing
Ev'ry Susie and Sal
They're congregating
For me and my gal
The Parson's waiting
For me and my gal

And sometime I'm goin' to build
A little home for two
For three or four or more
In loveland
For me and my gal.

I LOVE YOU TRULY

I love you truly, truly dear
Life with its sorrow, life with its tear
Fades into dreams when I feel you are near
For I love you truly, truly dear.

Ah! love, 'tis something to feel your kind hand
Ah! yes, 'tis something by your side to stand
Gone is the sorrow, gone doubt and fear
For you love me truly, truly dear.

DAISY BELL

Daisy Daisy, give me your answer do,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you,
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet on the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled
Joyful all ye nations rise
Join the triumph of the skies
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King

Christ, by highest heaven adored
Christ, the everlasting Lord
Late in time behold Him come
Offspring of the Virgin's womb
Veil'd in flesh the God-head see
Hail the incarnate deity
Pleased as man with man to dwell
Jesus our Immanuel
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King

Mild he lays his glory by
Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the sons of earth
Born to give them second birth

Risen with healing in His wings
Light and life to all He brings
Hail the Son of righteousness
Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heavens all-gracious King
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

For lo! The days are hastening on
By prophets seen of old.

When with the ever circling years
Shall come the time foretold
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EASTER PARADE

In your Easter bonnet
With all the frills upon it
You'll be the grandest lady
In the Easter Parade
I'll be all in clover
And when they look you over
I'll be the proudest fellow
In the Easter Parade

On the Avenue - Fifth Avenue
The photographer will snap us
And you'll find that you're in
The rotogravure
Oh, I could write a sonnet
About your Easter bonnet
And of the girl I'm taking
To the Easter Parade

SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, she'll be
comin' 'round the mountain
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
When she comes

She'll be drivin' six white horses
When she comes
She'll be drivin' six white horses
When she comes
She'll be drivin' six white horses
She'll be drivin' six white horses
She'll be drivin' six white horses
When she comes

Oh, we'll all go to meet her
When she comes
Oh, we'll all go to meet her
When she comes
Oh, we'll all go to meet her
Oh, we'll all go to meet her
Oh, we'll all go to meet her
When she comes

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster
When she comes
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster
When she comes
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster
When she comes

'ROUND HER NECK SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

'Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon
She wore it in the springtime and in the
month of May
And if you ask her why she wore that ribbon
She wore it for her lover who was far, far
away
Far away, far away
She wore it for her lover who was far, far
away.

KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

Keep the home-fires burning
While your hearts are yearning
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home

There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again
Hurrah, hurrah
We'll give him a hearty welcome then
Hurrah, hurrah
The men will cheer, the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay -
When Johnny comes marching home

The old church bell will peal with joy
Hurrah, hurrah
To welcome home our darling boy
Hurrah, hurrah
The village lads and lassies gay
With roses they will strew the way
And we'll all feel gay -
When Johnny comes marching home

Get ready for the jubilee
Hurrah, hurrah
We'll give the heroes three times three
Hurrah, hurrah
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay -
When Johnny comes marching home

I'M AN OLD COWHAND

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't
tanned
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow
Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how
And I sho' ain't fixing to start in now
Yippy-i-o Ki-ay, Yippy-i-o Ki-ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I learned to ride 'fore I learned to
stand
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date
I know ev'ry trail in the Lone Star State
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V Eight
Yippy-i-o Ki-ay, Yippy-i-o Ki-ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I come to town just to hear the band
I know all the songs that the cowboys know
'Bout the big corral where the doggies go
'Cause I learned them all on the radio
Yippy-i-o Ki-ay, Yippy-i-o Ki-ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
Where the west is wild 'round the border
land
Where the buffalo roam around the zoo
And the Indians make a rug or two
And the old Bar X is a Bar-B-Q
Yippy-i-o Ki-ay, Yippy-i-o Ki-ay.

SWEET SUE - JUST YOU

Ev'ry star above knows the one I love
Sweet Sue - just you
And the moon up high knows the reason why
Sweet Sue - just you
No one else it seems ever shares my dreams
And without you dear, I don't know what I'd
do
In this heart of mine you live all the time
Sweet Sue - just you.

TEA FOR TWO

Picture you upon my knee
Just tea for two and two for tea
Just me for you and you for me alone
Nobody near us to see us or hear us
No friends or relations on weekend vacations
We won't have it known dear
That we own a telephone, dear
Day will break and you'll awake
And start to bake a sugar cake
For me to take for all the boys to see
We will raise a family
A boy for you, a girl for me
Oh can't you see how happy we would be?

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home, where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

RIDING DOWN THE CANYON

Riding down the canyon to watch the sun go down
A picture that no artist could paint
White faced cattle lowin' on the mountain side
I hear a coyote whinin' for its mate

Cactus plants are bloomin', sage brush all around
Where granite spires are standin' ev'ry where
I tell you folks it's heaven to be ridin down the tra
When the desert sun goes down.

JEALOUS

I'm jealous of the moon that shines above
Because it smiles upon the one I love
I'm jealous of the birdies in the trees
They're always singing sweetest melodies
I'm jealous of the pretty flowers too
I miss the kiss they always get from you
I'm jealous of the "tick-tock" on the shelf
I'm even getting jealous of myself.

MARGIE

My little Margie, I'm always thinking of you Margie
I'll tell the world I love you
Don't forget your promise to me
I have bought a home and ring and everything for
Margie, you've been my inspiration
Days are never blue
After all is said and done, there is really only one
Margie, Margie, it's you.

NOW IS THE HOUR

Now is the hour when we must say goodbye
Soon you'll be sailing far across the sea
While you're away, oh then remember me
When you return you'll find me waiting here.

MY BONNIE

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie
to me, to me
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie
to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead

Chorus:

Oh blow ye winds over the ocean
Oh blow ye winds over the sea
Oh blow ye winds over the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me

Chorus:

The winds have blown over the ocean
The winds have blown over the sea
The winds have blown over the ocean
And bro't back my Bonnie to me

Chorus:

Chorus: 81

OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big
beautiful doll

Let me put my arms around you
I could never live without you

Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big
beautiful doll

I want to hug you but I fear you'd break
If you ever leave me how my heart will
ache

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, you beautiful
doll!

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe, and he called
for his bowl
And he called for his privates three

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe, and he called for
his bowl
And he called for his corporals three

"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair
As can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

"One, two, one, two," said the corporals
Merry men are we
There's none so fair
As can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

SCHOOL DAYS

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days
Readin' and 'ritin' and rithmetic
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick
You were my queen in calico
I was your bashful, barefoot beau
And you wrote on my slate -
"I love you Joe"
When we were a couple of kids.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

Put on your old grey bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay
And through the fields of clover
We'll drive up to Dover
On our Golden Wedding Day.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I live all alone, in a little Jug
hut we call our own. She loves gin and I
love rum, and together we have a lot of fun.

Chorus:

Ha Ha Ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I
love thee. Ha Ha Ha, you and me, Little
Brown Jug don't I love thee.

Tis you who makes my friends and foes, tis you
who makes me wear old clothes. Here you are
so near my nose, so tip her up and down she goes.

Chorus:

When I go toiling to my farm, I take little
brown jug under my arm. Place him under a
shady tree, Little Brown Jug, tis you and me.

Chorus:

If I had a cow that gave such milk, I'd clothe
her in the finest silk, I'd feed her on the
choicest hay, and milk her forty times a day.

Chorus:

The rose is red, my nose is too, the violet's
blue and so are you. And yet, I guess, before
I stop, I'd better take another drop.

IN MY ARMS

In my arms, in my arms
Ain't I ever gonna get a girl in my arms?
In my arms, in my arms
Ain't I ever gonna get a bundle of charms?
Comes the dawn, I'll be gone
I just gotta have a honey holdin' me tight.

I ain't in the Army for the passtime
Don't kid me nothing like the last time
Gimme a girl in my arms tonight

You can keep your shavin' cream and lotion
I'm gonna cross the ocean
Gimme a girl in my arms tonight

Dear old Veterans' Administration
Take back my college education
Gimme a girl in my arms tonight

Please don't bake another batch of cookies
Go shove your cookies at the rookies
Gimme a girl in my arms tonight.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

Oh, nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Nobody knows bus Jesus
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen
Glory Hallelujah

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down
Oh, yes, Lord
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground
Oh, yes, Lord

Although you see me going 'long so
Oh, yes, Lord
I have my trials here below
Oh, yes, Lord

One day when I was walking along
Oh, yes, Lord
The element open'd and the Love came down
Oh, yes, Lord

I never shall forget that day
Oh, yes, Lord
When Jesus wash'd my sins away
Oh, yes, Lord

SLEEPY TIME GAL

Sleepy time gal, you're turning night into day
Sleepy time gal, you've danced the evening away
Before each silvery star fades out of sight
Please give me one little kiss
Then let us whisper goodnight
It's gettin' late and dear, your pillow's waiting
Sleepy time gal, when all your dancin' is thru
Sleepy time gal, I'll find a cottage for you
You'll learn to cook and to sew
What's more you'll love it, I know
When you're a stay-at-home, play-at-home
Eight o'clock Sleepy Time Gal.

STAR DUST

Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely night
Dreaming of a song!
The melody haunts my reverie and I am once again
with you
When our love was new, and each kiss an inspiration
But that was long ago; now my consolation is in
the Star Dust of a song
Beside a garden wall, when stars are bright
You are in my arms, the nightingale tells his
fairy tale of paradise where roses grew
Tho' I dream in vain, in my heart it will remain
My Star Dust melody, the memory of love's refrain

HEAV'N HEAV'N
(All God's Children)

I've got a robe, You've got a robe
All god's children got a robe
When I get to heaven goin' to put on my robe
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven
Heaven, Heaven
Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heav'n
Ain't goin' there
Heaven, Heaven
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven

I've got a crown, You've got a crown
All God's children got a crown
When I get to heaven goin' to put on my crown
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven
Heaven, Heaven
Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heaven
Ain't goin' there
Heaven, Heaven
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven

I've got a song, you've got a song
All God's children got a song
When I get to heaven goin' to sing a new song
Goin' to sing all over God's Heaven
Heaven, Heaven
Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Heaven
Ain't goin' there
Heaven, Heaven
Going to shout all over God's Heaven

CAROLINA MOON

Carolina moon keep shining
Shining on the one who waits for me
Carolina moon I'm pining
Pining for the place I long to be
How I'm hoping tonight you'll go
Go to the right window
Scatter your light, Say I'm all right, please do
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely
Dreamy Carolina Moon.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too
Keep the lovelight glowing in your eyes so true
Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you

IF I HAD MY WAY

If I had my way, dear
Forever there'd be
A garden of roses
For you and for me
A thousand and one things I would do
Just for you, just for you, only you
If I had my way, dear
We would never grow old
And sunshine I'd bring ev'ry day
You would reign all alone like a queen on a throne
If I had my way.

DON'T FENCE ME IN

Oh, give me land, lots of land
Under starry skies above
Don't fence me in
Let me ride through the wide open country
That I love
Don't fence me in
Let me be by myself in the evening breeze
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever, but I ask you please
Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old
Saddle underneath the western skies
On my cayuse let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountain rise
I want to ride to the ridge where the
West commences
Gaze at the moon 'til I lose my senses
Can't look at hobbles and I can't
stand fences
Don't fence me in

ARMY BLUE

We've not much longer here to stay
For in a month or two
We'll bid farewell to "Cadet Gray"
And don the "Army Blue"
Army Blue, Army Blue
Hurrah for the Army Blue
We'll bid farewell to "Cadet Gray"
And don the "Army Blue"

As the blackbird in the spring
'neath the willow tree
Sat and piped I heard him sing
Sing of Aura Lee
Aura Lee, Aura Lee
Maid with golden hair
Sunshine came along with thee
And swallows in the air.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of Auld Lang Syne
For Auld Lang Syne my dear
For Auld Lang Syne
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne

I LOVE THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE

I love the sunshine of your smile
I love the laughter in your eyes
In ev'ry dream I dream of you
You are the one I idolize
Nobody thrills me like you do
You turn the grey skies into blue
For you always make my life worthwhile
With the sunshine of your smile

I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

I'm always chasing rainbows
Watching clouds drifting by
My schemes are just like all my dreams
Ending in the sky
Some fellows look and find the sunshine
I always look and find the rain
Some fellows make a winning sometime
I never even make a gain, believe me
I'm always chasing rainbows
Waiting to find a little bluebird in vain

STEIN SONG

Fill the steins to dear old Maine
Shout till the rafters ring
Stand and drink a toast once again
Let every loyal Maine man sing
Then drink to all the happy hours
Drink to Maine our Alma Mater
The college of our hearts always
To the trees, to the sky
To the spring in its glorious happiness
To the youth to the fire
To the life that is moving and calling us
To the gods, to the fates
To the rulers of men and their destinies
To the lips, to the eyes
To the girls who will love us some day
Oh fill the steins to dear old Maine
Shout till the rafters ring
Stand and drink a toast once again
Let every loyal Maine man sing
Then drink to all the happy hours
Drink to the careless days
Drink to Maine, our Alma Mater
The college of our hearts always.

THE SHEIK OF ARABY

I'm the Sheik of Araby
Your love belongs to me
At night when you're asleep
Into your tent I'll creep
The stars that shine above
Will light our way to love
You'll rule this land with me
The Sheik of Araby

MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND

Meet me tonight in Dreamland
Under the silvery moon
Meet me tonight in Dreamland
Where love's sweet roses bloom
Come with the lovelight gleaming
In your dear eyes of blue
Meet me tonight in Dreamland
There let my dreams come true.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die
Old soldiers never die, they just fade away
Still they stay, fade away, still they stay
Old soldiers never die, never die, never die
Old soldiers never die, they just fade away

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lovers lane, my dearie
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Ev'ry tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL

Too-ra-loo-ral, too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ral, hush now don't you cry
Too-ra-loo-ral, too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I wonder who's kissing her now
Wonder who's teaching her how
Wonder who's looking into her eyes
Breathing sighs, telling lies
I wonder who's buying the wine
For lips that I used to call mine
I wonder if she ever tells him of me
I wonder who's kissing her now

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good old summer time
In the good old summer time
Strolling thro' the shady lanes
With your baby mine
You hold her hand and she holds yours
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey wootsey
In the good old summer time

In the good old summer time
In the good old summer time
Took a gal to the theater
Then took her out to dine
But when I asked her for a kiss
She answered "Wait till next time"
No wonder I was burnin' in
The good old summer time.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God Almighty
Early in the morning
Our song shall rise to thee
Holy, Holy, Holy
Merciful and mighty
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity

Holy, Holy, Holy
All the saints adore Thee
Casting down their golden crowns
Around the glassy sea
Cherubim and Seraphim
Falling down before Thee
Which wert and art and ever more shall be

Holy, Holy, Holy
Though the darkness hide Thee
Though the eye of sinful man
Thy glory may not see
Only Thou art holy
There is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, love and purity

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord, God Almighty
All Thy works shall praise Thy name
In earth and sky and sea
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty
God in Three persons, Blessed Trinity

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low sweet chariot, comin' for to
carry me home

Swing low sweet chariot, comin' for to
carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
comin' for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me,
comin' for to carry me home

Chorus - Same as first verse

The brightest day that ever I did see
Comin' for to carry me home
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Comin' for to carry me home

Chorus

Sometimes I'm up sometimes I'm down
Comin' for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound
Comin' for to carry me home

Chorus

If you get there before I do
Comin' for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too
Comin' for to carry me home

GOD OF OUR FATHERS

God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor thru the skies
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise

Thy love divine hath led us in the past
In this free land our lot by Thee is cast
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence
Be Thy strong arm our ever pure defense
Thy true religion in our hearts increase
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way
Lead us from night to neverending day
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine
All glory, laud and praise be ever Thine

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

Praise God, from Whom all blessing flow
Praise Him, all creatures here below
Praise Him above ye Heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure
Sufficient is Thine arm alone
And our defense is sure

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame
From everlasting Thou art God
Thru endless years the same

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun

O God our help in ages past
Our hope for peace to come
Be thou our guard while life shall last
And our eternal home

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar
places
That this heart of mine embraces all day
thru
In a small cafe, the park across the way
The children's carousel, the chestnut trees
The wishing well

I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's
day
In everything that's light and gay
I'll always think of you that way
I'll find you in the morning sun and when
the night is new
I'll be looking at the moon but I'll be
seeing you.

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES

I'm forever blowing bubbles
Pretty bubbles in the air
They fly so high
Nearly reach the sky
Then like my dreams
They fade and die
Fortune's always hiding
I've looked everywhere
I'm forever blowing bubbles
Pretty bubbles in the air

MY BLUE HEAVEN

When whippoorwills call and evening is nigh
I hurry to my blue heaven
A turn to the right, a little bright light
Will lead you to my blue heaven

You'll see a smiling face, a fireplace,
a cozy room
A little nest that's nestled where the
roses bloom
Just Molly and me, and baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven.

SWEET SIXTEEN

I love you like I never loved before
Since first I met you on the village green
Come to me ere my dream of love is O'er
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet
When you were sweet sixteen.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Roll out the barrel - We'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel - We've got the blues on the run
Zing! Boom! Tatarrel, Ring out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel,
For the gang's all here.

THE DARKTOWN STROTTERS' BALL

I'll be down to get you in a taxi honey
You better be ready about half past eight
Now dearie don't be late
I want to be there when the band starts playing
Remember when we get there Honey
The two-steps, I'm goin' to have 'em all
Go-in, dance out both my shoes
When they play the Jelly Roll Blues
Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball

THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blond
And the band played on -
He'd glide cross the floor with the girl he adored
And the band played on -
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded
The poor girl would shake with alarm
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curl
And the band played on.

PEG O' MY HEART

Peg O' my heart, I love you
Don't let us part, I love you
I always knew it would be you
Since I heard your lilting laughter
It's your Irish heart I'm after

Peg O' my heart, your glances
Make my heart say "How's chances"
Come by my own, come make your home
In my heart.

MY BUDDY

Nights are long since you went away
I think about you all thru the day
My Buddy, My Buddy
No Buddy quite so true
Miss the voice, the touch of your hand
Just long to know that you understand
My Buddy, your buddy misses you

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world
The Lord is come
Let earth receive her King
Let ev'ry heart
Prepare Him room
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven and nature sing
And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing

Joy to the world
The Saviour reigns
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods
Rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat the sounding joy
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy

He rules the world
With truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of
His righteousness
And wonders of his love
And wonders of his love
And wonders, wonders, of His love.

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin, mother and child
Holy Infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia
Christ the Savior is born
Christ the Savior is born

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, loves pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus, going on before
Christ the royal Master, leads against the foe
Forward into battle, see his banners go

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem
Come and behold him, born the Kings of angels
O come let us adore Him
O come let us adore Him
O come let us adore Him
Christ the Lord

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above
Glory to God in the highest
O come let us adore Him
O come let us adore Him
O come let us adore Him
Christ the Lord

Adeste fideles, Laeti triumphantes
Venite, venite in Bethlehem
Natum videte, Regem angelorum
Venite adoramus
Venite adoramus
Venite adoramus
Dominum

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

We three kings of orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star

Oh, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us with the perfect light

Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain
Gold we bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship God on high

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

Glorious now behold Him rise
King and God and sacrifice
Heaven sing "Hallelujah"
"Hallelujah" earth replies.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on harvest moon
Up in the sky
I ain't had no lovin'
Since January, February, June or July
Snow time ain't no time
To stay outdoors and spoon
So shine on, shine on harvest moon,
For me and my gal.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light, of the silvery moon
I want to spoon
To my honey I'll croon
Love's tune
Honey moon, keep a shining in June
Your silvery beams will bring love's dreams
We'll be cuddlin' soon
By the silvery moon.

SMILE THE WHILE

Smile the while, we kiss a sad adieu
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in Lover's lane, my Dearie
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
childhood
When fond recollection presents them to
view
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled
wildwood
And every loved spot which my infancy knew

The widespreading pond and the mill that
stood by it
The bridge and the rock where the cataract
fell
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh
in
And even the rude bucket that hung in the
well

Chorus:

The old oaken bucket
The ~~iron~~-bound bucket
The moss covered bucket
That hung in the well

The moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure
For often at noon, when returned from the
field

I found it the source of exquisite pleasure
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield

How ardent I seized it with hands that were
growing
And swift to the white pebbled bottom it fell
And soon with the emblem of truth overflowing
The moss covered bucket arose from the well

Chorus:

OH SUSANNA

I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee
I'm going to Louisiana
My true love there to see

Chorus:

Oh Susanna
Don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee

It rained all day
The night I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death
Susanna don't you cry

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill

The red, red rose was in her hand
The tear was in her eye
I said "I come from Dixie Land
Susanna don't you cry."

Chorus:

MY GAL SAL

They call her frivolous Sal
A peculiar sort of a gal
An all round good fellow
A heart that was mellow
Had my gal Sal
Your troubles and sorrows and cares
She was always willing to share
A wild sort of devil
But dead on the level
Was my gal Sal.

OLD MAN RIVER

Old man river, dat old man river
He must know sumpin, but don't say muffin
Dat old man river, he just keeps rollin' along

He don't plant cotton, he don't plant taters
And them that plants em are soon forgotten
But old man river, he just keeps rollin' along

You and me, we sweat and strain
Body all achin' and my're with pain
Tote dat barge, lift dat bale
Get a little drunk and you land in jail

My heart gets weary and sick of tryin'
I'm tired of livin' and scared of dyin'
But old man river, he just keeps rollin' along.

SIoux CITY SUE

I drove a herd of cattle down from old
Nebraska way
That's how I came to be in the state of Ioway
I met a gal in Ioway her eyes were big and blue
I asked her what her name was and she said
Sioux City Sue

Chorus:

Sioux City Sue, Sioux City Sue
Your cheeks are red, your eyes are blue
I' swap my horse and dog for you
Sioux City Sue, Sioux City Sue
There ain't no gal as true
As my own Sioux City Sue

I asked her if she had a beau, she said indeed
I do
But still I started courting my sweet Sioux City Sue
The first time that I stole a kiss I caught her
stealing two
That's when I made my mind up to wed Sioux City Sue

Chorus:

Oh good old state of Ioway I owe a lot to you
I came here from Nebraska to find Sioux City Sue
I'm goin' to rope and tie her up
I'll use my old Lasso
I'm goin' to put my brand on sweet Sioux City Sue.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish rose

My wild Irish rose
The dearest flower that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose

THAT'S HOW I SPELL IRELAND

I is for the Irish in your tiny heart my dear
R is for the right and when you're right
you've nothing else to fear
E is for Eileen, your mother's name I mean - and
L is for the lake where I first met
that sweet colleen
A is for the angels that are watching over you
N is for never cry, keep smiling through - and
D is for your daddy's lesson and I hope 'twill
be a blessin' - that's how I spell Ireland.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip
A bright yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose
When you caressed me
T'was then heaven blessed me
What a blessing no one knows
You made life cheerie
When you called me dearie
T'was down where the blue grass grows
Your lips were sweeter than julip
When you wore a tulip
And I wore a big red rose.

SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground
But that tumbled down shack by an old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion is calling me back
I'd give up a palace if I were a king
It's more than a palace, it's my everything
There's a queen waiting there with a silvery crown
In a shanty in old shanty town.

SWEET GENEVIEVE

Oh Genevieve I'd give the world
To live again the lonely past
The rose of youth was dew impearled
But now it withers with the blast
I see thy face in every dream
My waking thoughts are full of thee
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea

Chorus:

Oh Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go
But still the hands of memory weave
The blissful dreams of long ago

Fair Genevieve my early love
The years but make thee dearer far
My heart shall never never roam
Thou art my only guiding star
For me the past has no regret
What'er the years may bring to me
I bless the hour when first we met
The hour that gave me love and thee

Chorus:

THE MARINE'S HYMN

From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our contry's battles
In the air, on land and sea
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marines

Our flag's unfurled to ev'ry breeze
From the dawn to setting sun
We have fought in ev'ry clime and place
Where we could take a gun
In the snow of far off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes
You will find us always on the job
The United States Marines

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve
In many a strife we've fought for life
and never lost our nerve
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines.

Rodger Young, cont:

On the island of New Georgia in the Solomons
Stands a simple wooden cross to tell
That beneath the silent coral of the Solomons
Sleeps a man, sleeps a man remembered well

Sleeps a man Rodger Young
Fought and died for the men he marched among
In the everlasting spirit of the infantry
Breathes the spirit of Private Rodger Young

No they've got no time for glory in the infantry
No they've got no use for praises loudly sung
But in ev'ry soldier's heart in all the infantry
Shines the name, shines the name of Rodger Young

Shines the name, Rodger Young
Fought and died for the men he marched among
To the everlasting glory of the infantry
Lives the story of Private Rodger Young

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along, on Moonlight Bay
You could hear the voices singing, they seemed to say
You have stolen my heart, now don't go away
As we sang love's old sweet song on Moonlight Bay.

OLD MACDONALD

Old MacDonald had a farm
E-I-E-I-O

And on this farm he had some chicks
E-I-E-I-O

With a chick-chick here and a chick-chick
there Here a chick, there a chick
Ev'rywhere a chick-chick
Old MacDonald had a farm
E-I-E-I-O

Old MacDonald had a farm
E-I-E-I-O

And on this farm he had some ducks
E-I-E-I-O

With a quack-quack here and a quack-quack
there Here a quack, there a quack
Ev'rywhere a quack-quack
Chick-chick here, chick-chick there
Here a chick, there a chick
Ev'rywhere a chick-chick
Old MacDonald had a farm
E-I-E-I-O

3. Turkey (gobble-gobble)
4. Pig (hoink-hoink)
5. Ford (rattle-rattle)

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[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Home, home, sweet, sweet home
There's no place like home
Oh, there's no place like home

I gaze on the moon
As I tread the drear wild
And feel that my mother
Now thinks of her child
As she looks on that moon
From our cottage door
Through the wood-bine whose fragrance
Shall cheer me no more.

15:

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the
grave

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the
grave

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the
grave

His soul goes marching on!

Chorus:

Glory, Glory Hallelujah

Glory, Glory Hallelujah

Glory, Glory Hallelujah

His soul is marching on

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down

On the grave of old John Brown

Chorus:

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the
lord

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the
lord

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the
lord

His soul is marching on

Chorus:

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back

His soul is marching on.

Chorus:

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twilight

When the lights are low

And the flick'ring shadows

Softly come and go

Tho the heart be weary

Sad the day and long

Still to us at twilight

Comes loves old song

Comes love's old sweet song.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With some one like you, a pal so good and true

I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find

Some place that's known to God alone

Just a spot to call our own

We'll find perfect peace

Where joys will never cease

Out there beneath the kindly sky

We'll build a sweet little nest

Somewhere in the West

And let the rest of the world go by.

HONEY THAT I LOVE SO WELL

Honey, honey, bless your heart

Oh honey that I love so well

I've been so true, my gal to you

The honey that I love so well

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke dear, I was mistaken
And I hung my head and cried

Chorus:

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me to love another
You'll regret it all some day

I knew that once dear you really loved me
And no one else could come between
But now you've left me and love another
You have shattered all my dreams

Chorus:

HINKY DINKY PARLAY VOO

What has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
What has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
Maybe she still is true to you
And true to the rest of the Army too
Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo

What has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
What Has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
You must have told your wife no doubt
But I bet you left all of it out
Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo

What has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
What has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
What has become of all the second looies too?
Maybe they're doing the same as you
Waiting to get a bonus too
Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo

What has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
What has become of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?
Do you remember everything that you went thru?
You can forget the shots and shells
But never forget the madamoiselles
Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices
Who wondrous things hath done
Whom his earth rejoices
Who from our Mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours today

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be with us
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us
And keep us in his grace
and guide us when perplexed
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given
The son and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven
The one eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore
For thus it was, is now
And shall be ever more.

VIVE L'AMOUR

Let ev'ry good fellow now join in a song
Viva la compagne
Success to each other and pass it along
Viva la compagne

Chorus:

Vive La, Vive La, Vive L'Amour
Vive La, Viva La, Vive L'Amour
Vive L'Amour, Vive L'Amour
Vive La compagne

Come all you good fellows and join in with us
Vive la compagne
And raise up your voices in close harmony
Vive la compagne

Chorus:

Should time or occasion compel us to part
Vive la compagne
These day shall forever enliven the heart
Vive la compagne

Chorus:

THE OLD GRAY MARE

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Ain't what she used to be
Ain't what she used to be
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago

Chorus:

Many long years ago
Many long years ago
The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago

The old gray mare she kicked on the whiffle tree
Kicked on the whiffle tree
Kicked on the whiffle tree
The old gray mare she kicked on the whiffle tree
Many long years ago

Chorus:

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline
Each night dear heart, for you I pine
In all my dreams, your fair face beams
You're the flower of my heart, Sweet Adeline.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over
Night is drawing nigh
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky

Jesus gives the weary
Calm and sweet repose
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close

When the morning wakens
Then may we arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

SO LONG MARY

So long Mary
We will miss you so
So long Mary
How we hate to see you go
And we'll all be longing
For you Mary while you roam
So long Mary
Don't forget to come back home

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE SAGE

When it's round up time in Texas
And the bloom is on the sage
Then I long to be in Texas
Back a ridin' on the range
Just to smell the bacon fryin'
When it's sizzlin' in the pan
Hear the breakfast horn in the early morn
Drinkin' coffee from a can
Just a ridin', rockin', ropin'
Poundin' leather all day long
Just a swayin', sweatin', swearing
Listen to a cowboy's song
How it beckons and I reckon
I would work for any wage
To be free again, just to be again
Where the bloom is on the sage.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe
Soon we'll marry, never to part
Little Annie Rooney is my "sweetheart"

RODGER YOUNG

Oh they've got no time for glory in the infantry
Oh they've got no use for praises loudly sung
But in ev'ry soldier's heart in all the infantry
Shines the name, shines the name of Rodger Young;

Shines the name Rodger Young
Fought and died for the men he marched among
To the everlasting glory of the infantry
Lives the story of Private Rodger Young

Caught in ambush lay a company of riflemen
Just grenades against machine guns in the gloom
Caught in ambush till this one of twenty riflemen
Volunteered, volunteered to meet his doom

Volunteered Rodger Young
Fought and died for the men he marched among
In the everlasting annals of the infantry
Glow the last deed of Private Rodger Young

It was he who drew the fire of the enemy
That a company of men might live to fight
And before the deadly fire of the enemy
Stood a man, stood a man we hail tonight.

Stood the man Rodger Young
Fought and died for the men he marched among
Like the everlasting courage of the infantry
Was the courage of Private Rodger Young

THE U. S. AIRFORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sun
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under
Off with one helluva roar
We live in fame, or go down in flame
Hey, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of those
Who love the vastness of the sky
To a friend, we send
A message of his brother men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old
Then down we roar, to score the rainbow's
pot of gold
A toast to the host of men we boast
The U.S. Air For - or - orce!

AND WHEN I DIE

And when I die, don't bury me at all
Just pickle my bones, in alcohol
Put a bottle of booze, at my head and feet
and then I'll know, my bones will keep.

THIS IS THE ARMY MISTER JONES

This is the Army Mister Jones
No private rooms or telephones
You had your breakfast in bed before
But you won't have it there anymore

This is the Army Mister Green
We like our barracks nice and clean
You had a housemaid to clean your floor
But she won't help you out anymore

This is the Army Mister Brown
You and your baby went to town
She had you worried, but this is war
And she won't worry you anymore

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the tree tops glisten
And children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With ev'ry Christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright
And may all your Christmases be white.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

After the ball is over
After the break of dawn
After the dancers leaving
After the stars are gone
Many the heart that's breaking
If you could read them all
Many a heart is aching
After the ball.

OH DANNY BOY

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The summer's gone and all the roses falling
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

K-K-K-KATY

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore
When the m-m-m-moon shines, over the cow-shed
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

Come fill your glasses, fellows
And stand up in a row
To singing sentimentally
We're going for to go;
In the Army there's sobriety
Promotion's very slow
So we'll sing our reminiscences
Of Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus:

Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences
Of Benny Havens, Oh!

To our kind old Alma Mater
Our rock-bound highland home
We'll cast back many a fond regret
As o'er life's sea we roam;
Unitl on our last battlefield
The light of heav'n shall glow
We'll never fail to drink to her
And Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus:

May the Army be augmented
May promotion be less slow
May our country in the hour of need
Be ready for the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting place
Beneath a soldier's blow
With room enough beside our graves
For Benny Havens, Oh!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind
blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow

If you don't love me, love whom you please
Throw your arms 'round me, give my heart
ease
Give my heart ease dear, give my heart
ease
Throw your arms 'round me, give my heart
ease

Down in the valley, walking between
Telling our story, here's what it sings
Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven, know I love you

Build me a castle forty feet high
So I can see him as he goes by
Writing this letter, containing three
lines
Answer my question, "Will you be mine?"

Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind
blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Lived a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine

Chorus:

Oh my darlin', oh my darlin'
Oh my darlin' Clementine
You are lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Light she was, and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine

Drove her ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine
Alas for me! I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

In the churchyard near the canyon
Where the myrtle doth entwine
There grow roses and other posies
Fertilized by Clementine

(Clementine, cont.)

Then the miner, forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine
Thought he oughter jine his daughter
Now he's with his Clementine

In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments soaked with brine
Though in life I used to hug her
Now she's dead, I draw the line.

How I miss her, how I miss her
How I miss my Clementine
Till I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine

CONEY ISLAND BABY

Goodbye, my Coney Island Baby
Farewell, my own true love
I'm gonna sail away and leave you
Never to see you anymore
Never gonna sail upon a ferry boat
Never to return again
So, goodbye, farewell, so-long forever
Goodbye my Coney Island
Goodbye my Coney Island
Goodbye my Coney Island Babe

We all fall for
Some girl that dresses neat
Some girl that's got big feet
You meet her on the street
Then we'll join the army of married boobs
To the altar, just like leading lambs to
slaughter
When it's over, oh boy we'll get it good
Bachelor days we'll then recall
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
We all are bound for -

(Repeat first part)

FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain
Third is the roses that grow in the lane
No need explaining the one remaining
It's somebody I adore
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.

HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM?

How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?
How ya gonna keep 'em away from Broadway
Jazzin' aroun' and painting the town?
How ya gonna keep 'em from harm
That's a mystery;
They'll never want to see a rake or plow
And who the deuce can parley-vous a cow
How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton
Old times there are not forgotten
Look Away! Look Away! Look Away!
Dixie Land

In Dixie Land where I was born in
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look Away! Look Away! Look Away!
Dixie Land

Then I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
to live and die in Dixie
Away, away, away down south in Dixie
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER

Cuddle up a little closer, lovely mine
Cuddle up and be my little clinging vine
Like to feel your cheek so rosy
Like to make you comfy, cosey
Cause I love you head to toe-sie
lovey mine.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body
Comin through the rye
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?

Every lassie has a laddie
Name they say he'e I
Yet all the lads, they smile at me
When comin' through the rye

Among the train there is a swain
I dearly love myself
But whaur his name
Or what his name, I dinno care to tell

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' rae the town
Gin a body meet a body
Need a body frown?

THE BOWERY

The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry
They say such things and they do such things
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry
I'll never go there any more!

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree
Where the love in your eyes I could see
And the song that I heard
Was the song of the bird
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
In the flowers that you sent to me
With a heart that is true
I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree.

THE SCOTCH TATTOOED LADY

I paid a shilling to see, that Scotch
tattooed lady
Tattooed from head to knee, she was
a sight to see
Just across her jaw was the Royal
Flying Corps
And on her back waved a Union Jack
Could anyone ask for more?
All up and down her spine
Stood the King's own guard in line
And strewn across her hips
Was a fleet of battleships
And just beneath one kidney
Was a birds-eye view of Sydney
But what I liked best
Right on her chest
Was my home in Tennessee.

THE WIDE MISSOURI

(Shenandoah)

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Hi-oh, the rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide
Missouri.

For seven long years, I courted Nancy
Hi-oh, the rolling river
For seven long years, I courted Nancy
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide
Missouri.

(Similarly)

She would not have me for a lover, (etc)
Because I was a Cavalry soldier, (etc)
And so she took my fifteen dollars (etc)
And then she went to Kansas City (etc)
She must have had another lover (etc)
I'm drinkin' rum and chawin' tobacco (etc)

OVER THERE

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are
coming
The drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere
So prepare, say a prayer
Send the word, send the word, to beware
We'll be over, we're coming over
And we won't be back till it's over
over there.

TENNESSEE WALTZ

I was waltzing with my darlin'
To the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to see
Introduced her to my loved one
And while they were dancing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me
I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost
Yes I lost my little darlin'
The night they were playing
The Beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME

Gee, but it's great, after being out late
Walking my baby back home
Arm in arm, over meadow and farm
Walking my baby back home
We go along harmonizing a song
Or we're reciting a poem
Owls go by and they give us the eye
Walking my baby back home
We stop for awhile, she gives me a smile
And snuggles her head on my chest
We start in to pet, and that's when I get
Her talcum all over my vest
After I kinda straighten my tie
She has to borrow my comb
One kiss, then, I continue again
Walking my baby back home.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired an' I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it's gone right to my head
Wherever I may roam, over land or sea or foam
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose in Texas
That I am going to see
Nobody else could miss her
Not half as much as me
She cried so when I left her
It like to broke her heart
And if I ever find her
We never more shall part

(Refrain)

She's the sweetest little rosebud
That Texas ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
That sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your Clementine
And sing of Rosalee
But the yellow rose of Texas
Is the only girl for me

Where the Rio Grande is flowing
And the starry skies are bright
She walks along the river
In the quiet summer night
I know that she remembers
When we parted long ago
I promised to return
And not to leave her so.

(Repeat Refrain)

(Yellow Rose, cont)

Oh, now I'm going to find her,
For my heart is full of woe
We'll do the things together
We did so long ago
We'll play the banjo gaily
She'll love me like before
And the yellow rose of Texas
Shall be mine for ever more.

(Repeat Refrain)

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Take me out to the ball game
Take me out to the park
Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jack
I don't care if I never get back
For I'll root, root, root for the home team
If they don't win it's a shame
For its one, two, three strikes, you're out
At the old ball game.

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

Down in the lazy west rides the moon
Warm as the night in June
Stars shimmering soft in a bed of blue
While I am calling you
Sweetly you are dreaming
As the dawn comes slowly streaming
Waken love, in your bower
Greet our trysting hour

Dear one, the world is waiting for
the sunrise
Every rose is heavy with dew
The thrush on high, his sleeping mate
is calling
And my heart is calling you.

DEEP IN MY HEART

Deep in my heart, dear
I have a dream of you
Fashioned of starlight
Perfume and roses and dew
Our paths may sever
But I'll remember you ever
Deep in my heart, dear
Always I'll dream of you.